

THIS TRAIN HOLDUP LIKE MOVIE SHOW TO THE VICTIMS

One Man on Alton "Hummer"
Forced to Carry Dynamite
for the Robbers.
ALL DODGE BULLETS.
As Bandits Try to Smash Safe,
Red Signal from Illinois State
Capitol Sends Help.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 24.—Members of the crew and passengers on the Chicago & Alton filler, when it arrived here to-day told interesting stories of the hold-up of the train by four bandits near Springfield, this morning. One called it "a genuine wild west train robbery within sight of the big dome of the Illinois State Capitol."

"Got back in that car," this order, punctuated with revolver shots, was the first intimation I had that anything was going on," said J. C. Boyd, conductor. "The train had come to a stop just beyond the lies tower, four miles from Springfield. Before it dawned upon me that a man standing down the track in the moonlight was a robber, I yelled, 'what's the matter?'"

"I got back into the car. The passengers in the chair car were getting scared by this time. I looked all the ways of the train."

SAW RED LIGHTS ON CAPITOL
DOME FLASH SIGNAL.

"The two bandits, one masked in a white handkerchief and the other in a blue, had by this time forced the engine crew to uncouple the tender and combination baggage and express car and made them move this part of the train down the track about three hundred yards. From the chair car we could see them plainly in the moonlight. It seemed only a short distance over the tops of the trees to the dome of the State Capitol that glinted brightly."

"The bandits lined up engineer, fireman and express messenger Ayres beside the front part of the train, then while the man with the blue mask kept the train covered and fired down the side of the train occasionally, the man with the white mask got into the express car. He fired five shots of nitro-glycerine and dynamite, but failed to smash the safe."

"It seemed not more than twenty minutes after Flagman Roller started for help when the red light on the dome of the capitol flash out the warning which means to the police that something big is happening. I knew this means aid would soon be on the scene, but apparently the robbers didn't care. The robbers dragged out one canvas sack of papers, evidently under the impression it was money and after rifling it and scattering it over the ground started away across a meadow. They had not yet disappeared into a cornfield when Flagman Roller arrived with a Sheriff's posse and a Springfield engine."

"When we got the train together again and got under way it was after 1 o'clock. The bandits had kept us standing there about an hour and a half."

FELT LIKE AN ACTOR IN MOVIE
PICTURE SHOW.

"It felt like an actor on a moving picture film throughout the engagement," said F. M. Ayres, express messenger.

"From the time that the man with the white mask stuck his head in the door until the bandits disappeared ahead of the posse, I shook."

"Who the man with the white mask had exploded three charges under the safe he yelled out the door: 'Say, Bill, send in that dynamite.'"

"Bill used me as a messenger. I took the package wrapped in burlap just as Bill handed it to me, and under the guidance of Bill's gun carried it to the man in the car. He fired two more shots after that."

"The robbers didn't get a dime, as far as I know."

J. E. Dolan, a passenger of Bloomington, Ill., said any man among the passengers with a revolver might have captured both robbers. "They paid little attention to the back of the train," he said, "and in stopping the detached part so close to the train they left all their movements uncovered. I could see them working as I stood in the chair car window. The man with the canvas sack took it over the fence into the meadow and sat down and tore it open. He might have been looking for a four-leaved clover for all the haste he showed."

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 24.—A posse started early to-day to renew the hunt for the four bandits who held up the "Alton Hummer," fast passenger train on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, shortly after midnight near lies Junction, four miles south of here.

After uncoupling the engine and express car from the train and compelling the engine to take them more than two miles down the track, the robbers made five unsuccessful attempts to blow open the express safe with nitro-glycerine and dynamite.

According to the railroad and express officials the bandits secured only a few packages which were of small value. While the highwaymen were working with the engineer and fireman, Flagman Horace Smith slipped away to lies Junction, where there is a telegraph office, and notified the railroad officials here and at Bloomington.

The robbers worked forty-five minutes in the express car, thus giving a switch engine carrying officers time to reach the scene before the highwaymen could get away. When the robbers heard the engine approaching they fled, firing a few shots at the officers as they disappeared in the darkness. The express car safe, it is said, contained a large sum of money and valuable jewelry shipped by Chicago jewelers to Christmas purchasers. The money safe was badly shattered, but was not opened.

The passenger coaches and sleeping cars stood on the tracks more than two hours until the engine and express cars were brought back and the train started on its way to Kansas City.

What's Good for Charlie's Lady?
and Cough & Croup Drops. See box. Adv.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF WOMEN

EXTRAVAGANCE. No. 7.

Extravagance Has a Great Many Phases And Some of Them Are Certainly Sinful



"Lack of Appreciation, I Feel, Is the Root of All the Evils," Writes "Miss D." Who Asserts That This Is the Start of Jealousy, Envy, Revenge and Laziness on Part of Women.

BY MARGUERITE MOERS MARSHALL.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as by want of heart." That time-honored truth applies with special force to the sin of extravagance, seventh and last one on our list of the seven deadly feminine sins. As for the other six, Gluttony, Lustiness, Fear, Jealousy, Envy and Revenge. Woman, the accused, may at least congratulate herself on a disengagement of the jury of Evening World readers. Her case, therefore, goes over for a new trial, a trial which each individual woman is called upon to face sooner or later, before the jury of those who know her best. That, as we said in the beginning, is one right the modern woman has won—the right to be known and judged for what she is, not idealized for what she isn't.

Is she extravagant? Does she empty her pocketbook not wisely but too well—and too swiftly? Does she keep the Tired Business Man's nose so close to the grindstone that he scarcely has a chance to lift his eyes toward the baroque show of thoughtful managers have provided for his entertainment? The answer to that is, The baroque we have always with us. The Tired Business Man's annual bills for cigars and cocktails—and baroque—should restrain the T. B. M. from commenting on his wife's account with the dressmaker. To his credit they frequently do. The American novelist, not the American husband, is the discoverer and muckraker of the American wife's undue propensity for spending. Actually, of course, this propensity is characteristic of our nation, not of one sex in it.

FINANCIAL REFORM SCHOOL NEEDED FOR SOME WOMEN.

We all know women who spend too much money, but in many cases they are encouraged to do so by their husbands. And in still other instances they are at least not discouraged. They have never been taught a sensible scheme of economics; they frequently do not even know the size of their husband's income. They spend irresponsibly, childishly, thoughtlessly, and the evil they do has no wicked intention back of it. Such women are candidates for a financial reform school, not for the debtors' prison.

The worst and most subtly dangerous form of extravagance is that which masquerades in the guise of economy. If the woman with the small income would only accept the law that it is always extravagant to buy what one doesn't need, no matter how cheap the price of the article! A great deal of silly nonsense has been written about bargain sales. They are a real boon to the wise shopper with the slender purse, and she deserves credit for taking advantage of them, considering the physical hardships they invariably involve.

But to see a woman whose husband earns \$20 a week hovering around a table covered with "marked-down" cut-glass makes one long for compulsory vaccination with common sense. And the eight-dollar stenographer who buys a "marked-down" velvet dress that will split the second time she wears it almost justifies the revival of sumptuary laws.

Cold storage millionaires and others dabble wofully on the extravagance of the American housewife, and assert that the high cost of living is merely the cost of living high. Doubtless there is something of truth in their contention, though here, too, I think the American husband shares the responsibility. He is apt to have a prejudice against hushes and stewards and cheap cuts. In any event the women themselves are now starting many movements for kitchen economy. Some phases, such as the personally conducted market-basket, contain a hint of absurdity for the dispassionate



looked into those rows of tired faces, giving the best of themselves, the best years of their lives, appreciated. How often I heard "Come, can't you hurry that change along?" "Mary."

I wish they'd have some one here that knows her business, and like remarks that maybe sank deep and hurt! Do you appreciate that when they have trials and troubles and secret sorrows they have no time to be sorry for sympathy, but they must face a nervous, exacting public and wear a mask all day long? Oh, it's all a case of "eyes and ye see not, ears and ye hear not" the call of the great, seething, busy world about you, calling you to bigger things.

LACK OF APPRECIATION LISTED AS ANOTHER SIN.

Dear Madam: "Since there is being such lively discussion over the sins of woman, namely, "Gluttony, lustiness, jealousy, envy, revenge and extravagance," may I not be permitted to add one other—greater to me than all the rest (not that I desire to heap more sins upon the so-called weaker sex, but because I feel that it is the root of all the evils)? The sin I mean is lack of appreciation. You are not quite sure what that can have to do with these others? Stop one instant and consider: You would not find time for all these ills if you really appreciated all life is holding out to you—and your part in this great scheme of things.

First, know yourself: above all, do not underrate yourself! The greater part of us are lazy—lazy with our talents, because it is much easier to sit back and grumble because some one we know is getting ahead of us than it is to get up and do! Then grows jealousy—and grows and grows—because we are not sure of ourselves. Hence envy, whence come revenge and all the ills of life. And all of these through just a lack of appreciation, a failure to realize the power within ourselves; for it is there in every one of us, in greater or less degree. Just as surely as we were created—latent maybe, crippled sometimes, but nevertheless there. So bring it to the sunlight—give it a chance to grow and you'll be surprised in the process that you'll have little time for the "green serpent." And when you chance to dwell upon it for an instant you'll be amazed to find the wound healed, and you yourself pitying the poor girls who have not yet realized their salvation and that they have an important part in the work of the world.

If you have envied some one his great achievements, while you have moped and grown inverted, he no doubt has been doing double duty, and the honor that you might have claimed has been his—while you shirked.

There is not only the lack of appreciation of ourselves, but the lack of it for others, our friends and what they are trying to do for us, what those so-called "servants of the people" are doing. For instance, the girl behind the counter. How forcibly that was brought to me to-day on my little round of Christmas shopping! (I regret to say I did not shop early.) How few who stood beside me at those long counters and

TAFT IN PANAMA; MERRY CHRISTMAS PLANNED FOR HIM

President With Party Sight
Seeing To-Day; Attends Dinner and Ball To-Morrow.

COLON, Dec. 24.—President Taft and his party arrived here on board the United States warship Arkansas at 3 A. M. to-day. The party includes the President and Mrs. Taft, Charles P. Taft Jr., Miss Louise Taft, Charles D. Hilles and Mrs. Hilles, Beaman Winthrop and Mrs. Winthrop, Major T. L. Rhoads, U. S. A., Adie-de-Camp; Lieut. Commander J. W. Timmons, U. S. N. The United States Minister, H. Percival Lodge, a number of Canal officials and President Taft and party were the guests to-day of Col. G. W. Goethals at Cuibara. To-morrow evening they are to attend a dinner given by the American Minister and afterward a ball in the palace of President Bellario Porras of Panama.

President Taft before landing sent a wireless despatch to Col. Goethals asking him to have special trains in readiness as two thousand bluejackets and all on board the battleships Arkansas and Delaware are to be given the opportunity of inspecting the canal during their visit.

OUT OF WORK, HE LEAPS TO DEATH FROM WINDOW.

A mound of snow in the back yard beside the window of her kitchen attracted the attention of Mrs. Alice Clark, keeper of a rooming house at No. 28 West Fourteenth street, to-day. It was an uncanny looking mound and she went out to investigate it.

Her investigation was brief. The mound covered the body of Charles Glinor, one of her lodgers, a police, dapper little Frenchman, who had occupied a small room on the fourth floor of the house for over a year. Glinor was fifty years old and a native of Paris. He was an architectural draughtsman and a linguist, but there appeared to be no place for him in New York as a wage earner. For three months he had been without employment.

Two letters came for him yesterday. They were from the commercial houses from which he had been expecting work. Both refused his services. Some time during the night Glinor jumped from the window of the bathroom on the fourth floor.

Glinor had not a penny. He gave his last fifty-cent piece to the maid of work in Mrs. Clark's house last night. So far as his landlady and fellow roomers know, he had no relatives in this country.

I wish they'd have some one here that knows her business, and like remarks that maybe sank deep and hurt! Do you appreciate that when they have trials and troubles and secret sorrows they have no time to be sorry for sympathy, but they must face a nervous, exacting public and wear a mask all day long? Oh, it's all a case of "eyes and ye see not, ears and ye hear not" the call of the great, seething, busy world about you, calling you to bigger things.

MISS D.



The Turks are the most
Nervous People in the World Today
They are the Greatest
Coffee Drinkers.

See the point?

We are not quite sure we could help them but

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"There's a Reason"

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TWENTY BEGIN TERMS IN PRISON OF MORE THAN 30 YEARS IN ALL

One, Seventy-one Years Old,
Gets Three on His Tenth
Conviction.

BY JUDGE O'SULLIVAN.

Twenty-two persons, convicted of various crimes, either by trial or confession, felt the rigor of the law yesterday in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court and the Court of General Sessions. These were the penalties imposed:

Joseph Purpury, thirty-one years old, convicted of carrying knock-out drops. Third offense. State Prison seven years.

Waiter J. Donovan, eighteen years old, pleaded guilty to grand larceny. First offense. Elmira Reformatory.

Max Schwartz, twenty-four years old, pleaded guilty to burglary. Second offense. State Prison three years.

William Brown, twenty-one years old, pleaded guilty to grand larceny. State a pocketbook containing \$3 from man in street. First offense. Penitentiary one year.

Thomas Marshall, forty-two years old, pleaded guilty to petty larceny. First offense. Penitentiary thirty days.

David Tarpey, twenty-five years old, pleaded guilty to grand larceny. State \$3 from man on street. First offense. Penitentiary for thirty days.

Charles Miller, seventy-one years old, pleaded guilty to burglary. Tenth conviction. State Prison for three years.

BY JUSTICE GOFF.

Bruno Rothenberg, forty years old, pleaded guilty to petty larceny. Second offense. State Prison for three years.

Charles S. Horowitz, thirty-four years old, convicted of filing false insurance loss in connection with fire at No. 149 Fulton street. First offense. State Prison for not less than two years and six months nor more than four years and six months.

BY JUDGE SWANN.

Hyman Rosenthal, eighteen years old, pleaded guilty to petty larceny. First offense. Penitentiary for one year.

James J. Maloney, eighteen years old, and John Kelly, nineteen years old. Both pleaded guilty to malicious mischief. First offenders. Maloney, City Reformatory; Kelly, sentence suspended.

Harry Cohen, nineteen years old; Joseph Blank, twenty-four years old, and Harry Trusch, nineteen years old, all pleaded guilty to unlawful entry. First offenders. Cohen, penitentiary six months; Blank and Trusch three months each.

Jacob Klein, twenty-two years old, convicted of carrying a weapon. First offense. Elmira Reformatory.

Charles Ellis, thirty-seven years old, pleaded guilty to petty larceny. First offense. Penitentiary one year.

William Harris, thirty years old, pleaded guilty to petty larceny. Second offense. Penitentiary one year and fined \$500.

Harry Albright, forty-seven years old,

pleaded guilty to assault. Eighth conviction. State Prison two years and three months.

William Brown, fifty-seven years old, pleaded guilty to petty larceny. Third conviction. Penitentiary one year.

Edward McGuire, twenty-six years old, pleaded guilty to attempted grand larceny. First offense. Elmira Reformatory.

Edward Mulhall, twenty-six years old, pleaded guilty to petty larceny. First offense. Sentence suspended.

16-YEAR-OLD BRIDE
HEARS HUSBAND GET
20 YEARS IN PRISON

That Sentence Not Enough for
Revengeful Friends of Slain
Giuseppe Forti.

When Judge Malone, in the Court of General Sessions to-day, sentenced Giuseppe Forti, a tailor, of No. 40 Broome street, to Sing Sing for a term of not less than twenty years "for more than his natural life," the death of Paolo Romano was avenged in the eyes of the law. Not so, however, in the minds of Romano's relatives and friends who, with mutterings, followed Forti and the deputy sheriff in charge of the prisoner until he disappeared behind the doors leading to the Bridge of Sighs.

Forti was convicted of murder in the second degree. He stabbed Romano to death in the early morning of Nov. 1, after luring him from a cafe on Goerck street to the East River front, a point between Broome and Delancey streets. Policeman Leonard saw Forti inflict the fatal blow and then with the help of a companion, who made his escape,

try to throw the body into the East River. Assistant District Attorney O'Malley tried to bring out the motive for the killing, but owing to the objections of Forti's counsel, Abraham Gruber, was unsuccessful.

"There is no doubt in my mind," Mr. O'Malley said to-day, "that Romano was the victim of a plot caused by his attentions to a married woman, the bride of the prisoner."

Pretty Mrs. Forti, sixteen years old, is the daughter of a well-to-do Zah dealer. Several suitors tried to win her, but she had no eyes for them when she met Forti. He was young, good looking and dressed well. After a few weeks she and Forti were married in October. A happy month elapsed, then Forti heard tales. These stories concerned other suitors of his wife and connected her name with theirs. Romano's name was mentioned.

What happened between Forti and Romano in the Goerck street cafe will never be known, unless Forti tells. The two men, accompanied by a third, left the cafe together, laughing as they walked out. Ten minutes later Policeman Leonard saw a silhouette in the hand of Forti as it pierced the heart of Romano. As the policeman hurried across the street he saw Forti and his unknown companion seize Forti's body, ready to throw it into the river. They dropped the body and ran away as Leonard came near. Forti still insists that the unknown man killed Romano.

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